

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 300 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforward and true,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

THE USEFUL FAIRY.

By Martha Coleman Sherman.
I used to be the scariest boy that ever came to town. I was so scared of everything, you know—
An' when I thought of robins an' burglar men an' all that sort of thing, I simply couldn't move, I trembled so!

I lived that way for ages, just too scared for anything.
An' then my mother read a tale to me about a little fellow who was scared the way I was.
Of things he couldn't ever really see.

One day when he was awful 'fraid of somethin' out of sight,
A fairy lady came to him and saved him.
That she'd be glad to help him when he needed any help.
If he'd just signal when he was afraid.

Un' every time he signalled her she came—that fairy did—
An' drove away the thoughts that scared him so.
An' taught him 'twas all foolishness to be afraid of thoughts.
'Cause thoughts was really nuthin' true, you know.

An' afterwards that boy just grew to be the bravest boy in town.
That anybody'd ever hope to be!
He wasn't scared of gobolins or anything on earth.
Invisible, or things that he could see.

He didn't need the fairy after he had

grew so brave.
An' by and by he didn't come at all. But only went to little boys afraid as he had been.
That fairy was so kind she helped them all!

The story said that fairy would just come to any boy.
If he'd only shut his eyes and call her low.
It said her name was "Confidence" an' was always near.
If one ever saw her face, you know.

Well, now, I got to thinkin' after that, that fairy tale.
An' 'cided that I'd call that fairy, too.
Sometimes when I was havin' thoughts of gobolins an' beasts,
An' 'fraid of somethin' I wondered what I'd do.

So after that I called her with my eyes shut up tight—
You have to shut your eyes to call, you know.
Because, if anybody ever sees a fairy, it always makes her fade away an' go—
An' sure enough, she came to me!

I heard her plain as day,
An' though she didn't speak a word out loud,
She showed those foolish thoughts that frightened me so much.
An' told me feelin' very brave an' proud.

I tell you I'm delighted with the way that fairy does.
I know she'll help me every single day.
An' for thoughts of gobolins an' burglar men an' all that sort of thing, I simply know she'll drive them right away!

I'm telling you this story 'cause some day you might be scared.
An' never know a single thing to do.
Remember just to shut your eyes an' call for "Confidence."
She always come to help and comfort you.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

I do not imagine many Wide-Awakes have a live interest in toads. This is because they do not know how antique and useful these creatures be. Toad looks as if he was made when

models were scarce and beauty of form was little thought of, and if the scientists are right he was, for according to scientists the toad has been on the earth many millions of years while man has been here but a few thousand.

The toad looms as if he was made when but it can go two years without food. It lays its eggs in the water and they rise to the top to get the warmth of the sun in the day time, and sink to the bottom to protect them from the cold at night until they turn into active little tadpoles—about ten days.

The toad always requires fresh food and is a great eater. He catches and eats wasps, ants, beetles, spiders, worms, snails, grasshoppers, crickets, caterpillars, etc., and is a wonderful helper in the garden, and it has been estimated that a toad will eat 10,000 insects in a season.

It has been said ten toads in a garden are equal as assistants to a hired man. As helpers this little squam would destroy 60,000 insects in a summer. If ten of these insects destroy one cent's worth of garden produce or fruit a season these ten toads would save \$60 for the gardener, hence intelligent gardeners never kill a toad for anything but the most valuable assistance.

Fabulous stories have been told about toads living enmeshed in stones for ages, but the toad really lives only 50 years, while the turtle has been known to live over 100.

A naturalist kept a toad a good many years. He named it Mary, and it would come out when its name was called.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Angie White, of Stafford Springs—Received my pretty prize book and was more than pleased with it.

Elsie L. Lang, of Norwich—I thank you very much for the beautiful book. I am very happy that I received one both times I wrote a story.

Walter Gavigan, of Willimantic—I thank you very much for the prize book entitled "The Caves of Ice." I find it very interesting.

Thelma Boynton, of North Franklin—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, "The Automobile Girls at the Berkshire."

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Alex Dugas, of Versailles—Hickory Ridge Boy Scouts.

2—Mildred E. White, of Stafford Springs—Three Little Women at Willimantic.

3—Leo Palquin, of Versailles—The Battleship Boy at Sea.

4—Rose Eagan, of Willimantic—Joseph and His Brothers.

5—Helen Reynolds, of Bagville—The Camp Fire Girls in the Outside World.

6—Bertha N. Burrill, of Stafford Springs—The Speedwell Boys on Motorcycles.

7—Ruth Tracy, of Norwich—The Little Queen.

8—Lucy A. Carter, of Hampton—Three Little Women's Success.

Winners of prize books living in the city may call at the Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A Great Boy.

Uncle Daniel was an observant old man. He noticed that ever since a day morning when he was on his way to his cooper shop, nearly all the boys in the neighborhood were gathered in Sam Bentley's back yard.

"Queer, isn't it?" he remarked to a boy who was hurrying toward Sam's home.

"Queer, isn't it, that all of you fellows swarm around Sam? What's there about Sam that's so drawing? Is he particularly clever at anything?"

"No, sir, he hasn't much of anything to speak of."

"Does he know many games or tricks to keep you busy?"

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and the first message transmitted May 27 of that year.

Within a few years, however, lines were extended to the principal cities of the United States. The Morse telegraph was introduced in Germany in 1877, where it has spread all over the Western Hemisphere, and may now be said to be the universal telegraph of the world.

MARION M. WHEELER, Age 11, Stonington.

A Boat Ride.

I live in the city of New York and most every summer I go out of the city to the country to spend my vacation. I have planned to go to Rockville, Connecticut.

The boat ride from New York to Hartford is a very enjoyable trip. The boat is very comfortable and the crew is very attentive.

On the East river I saw a United States battleship with some destroyers.

At night there were many people sitting on the upper deck.

Toward morning I asked the watchman if the boat was on the Connecticut river.

He answered me in the affirmative, and I went to the shore and saw the mouth of the river, also that one was called the outer light, the other the inner light.

There are many river landings before you get to Hartford. They are: Baybrook, Lyme, Essex, Hamburg, Dix, and others.

The grounds were lovely to look upon; right opposite the house stood a fine row of linden trees as any one who has seen them knows.

It was a pretty scene just at the present moment, as the square was looking in the distance at the sun setting behind the hills.

How often had the square sat in the little summer house on the bridge which crossed the center of the pond, and watched the swans and ducks swimming in the pond and teaching their young.

He had heard this very day that all his money, which was invested, had been lost, so now he would no longer be able to keep his large residence.

When he told his little daughter of his loss she was very sad, but when he suggested his plan to her she was quite willing to adopt it, as she loved her father very much.

These girls were very good friends with an English boy and his grandfather. This boy's name was Laurie, and the grandfather was Mr. Laurie.

Later Amy went to Europe with her Aunt March, where she met Laurie, who had just returned from Europe.

They were very happy, and Laurie was very kind to Amy.

A picnic to the woods.

One bright summer day my brother and sister and myself took a picnic to the woods for a little picnic.

On our way we came to a brook, where everyone in the country came for a drink of cool, sparkling water.

Further in was a woods, and under one of its big pines we sat down to eat and here we decided to have our picnic.

After lunch we played the famous game of Hide and Seek, also Tag, and Blind Man's Buff.

At 5 o'clock we decided to return home and tell of our fine time, but while on the way we met the cutest squirrel, which seemed quite tame.

We reached home about 5.30 and told our wonderful story and then went to bed, but never forgot the picnic to the woods.

How to Make a Bow and Arrow.

Boys, if you want to make a good bow and arrow follow this simple rule.

Get a good sharp knife and cut an elastic branch about one yard long and make it into three pieces.

Tie a strong string or rope on both ends as on an ordinary bow.

For the arrow cut a straight, narrow piece about 17 inches in length and on the narrowest part split it down in the middle about three inches.

Place a flat stone in it and tie it up with string so that the stone cannot be seen. On the opposite side cut out a V shaped notch.

This arrow can be shot very high and will always come down on its head.

When shooting at a distance it will strike with its head first.

GEORGE HENNESTOCK, Age 14, Rockville.

Not So Fast.

"O, mamma!" cried Blanche. "I heard such a tale about Edith, I did not think she could be so naughty!"

"My dear," said her mother, "before you tell me I will see if your story will explain."

"What does that mean, mamma?"

"I will explain. In the first place, I must ask you about your story. Is it true?"

"I suppose so. I heard it from Grace White, and she is a friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her?"

"Yes, mamma, she does. In the next place, can you prove it to be true?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid I cannot prove it."

"Is it necessary?"

"No! Of course, mamma, there was no need of mentioning it at all."

"Always ask three questions first, when you are tempted to tell something about others."

LEO PELOQUIN, Age 11, Versailles.

His Lesson.

He was a cruel, harsh man, who never knew what pity meant. Every one who knew him, hated him.

He was a junk peddler by trade, and owned a horse which was starving for the want of food.

One day he loaded his heavy wagon with iron, hitched the horse, and went to see what he could buy and sell for the day.

The horse knew that he was going for another hard day, but he was a poor dumb beast and so had to suffer.

ing out from the center, which is invisible.

During the summer the plant blooms profusely and is the subject of much interest. The color of the plant is different from any before seen, the leaves and stems retain the appearance of the blackberry.

East Norwich, N. Y.

The Other Side of the Camp Fire Girl's Life.

Dear Uncle Jed: The previous stories which I have written about our Camp Fire Club deal only with the pleasures of the club. Now I will try to tell about some of the duties and hardships of the club.

In the first place, the Camp Fire Club is supposed to make us all happy, teach us not to be afraid of work, and do other things we are supposed to do cheerfully.

This, of course, is often very trying and difficult. In the end we are rewarded by receiving an honor, a badge for every useful thing we do, such as washing dishes for two months, or sewing for a month, or taking care of a room for a month, and other things which help make a good deed.

After we have won these badges by hard labor we are given a beautiful silver ring. This ring is also very interesting to look at. In the front are the words "Camp Fire," and in the back are the words "I am a Camp Fire Girl."

We were all ready to start and of course had quite a few bundles of things to carry. I took care of the things and we all enjoyed the scenery very much.

At last we arrived at the lake. It was a very beautiful lake, and we all enjoyed it very much.

My mother asked us if we would like to eat our lunch up in the pines. We all agreed and walked up.

We arrived at the top of the hill and we all enjoyed it very much.

It was getting late when we started home. Baby fell asleep while on our way.

We arrived home safe and sound after spending a fine day at the lake.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 13, Stafford Springs.

My Favorite Book.

My favorite book is "Little Women." It tells all about the March family. It is a very interesting book, and I like it very much.

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who live in the city and never see butter made how it is done.

The milk from the cows is run through the separator, some farmers do not have separators, so they get the milk in pans and the cream will rise on top; then they have to skim it off with a skimmer. It is best with a separator, and much quicker and easier done; but they say in older times they didn't have separators, but had to use a skimmer. The cream is allowed to ripen it. Let stand the cream until thick, or let it heat to about 60 degrees (tell this by a little glass thermometer) when it is ready.

On the other side of the coin, it is out with hot water, put in the cream, and if one thinks it is not yellow enough, drop in a few drops of butter color.

People used to use years ago, so I am told, grated carrots, but now they can buy the coloring. After this is put in, then begin to churn by turning a crank as you would an ice cream freezer; keep up this process until the butter comes; that is, the butter will separate from the buttermilk and form a lump at the bottom of the churn.

Some have wooden knives made on purpose to cut the butter when balled up, then put the butter in a mould, after which take out and wrap up in paper and it is ready for market.

Think it is quite a job to make butter.

LUCY A. CARTER, Age 13, Hampton.

How She Is Spending Her Vacation.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you how I am spending my vacation.

Right at the month of July the children of Bagville and other schools in the town of Mansfield attend the summer school. Sometimes two touring cars come for us, but the most fun of all is when the large auto bus carries us back and forth, in which we can all be together.

The chauffeur who carries us are very kind and do not care how much we laugh and sing, if we do not get hurt.

Our school hours are from 8.30 o'clock to 12 o'clock. There are many teachers there from all over the state. They visit the schools and about 40 visit every day.

Mr. Brundage comes and teaches us agriculture every other day.

Yesterday his talk was about birds and was very interesting. One very interesting thing is the observation tower 80 feet in height, the base being 710 feet above sea level.

One day about ten of us went up the winding stairs to the top of the tower. There was a very nice view from the top.

We are having a very pleasant vacation and hope all the Wide-Awakes are having a pleasant one, too.

REYNOLDS, Age 14, Bagville.

The Garage Performance.

Dear Uncle Jed: I should like to tell the Wide-Awakes circle about the show I went to.

There were 17 children invited, but five had the measles.

The admission was five pence. Reserved seats two extra pence.

Little girls sold tickets in the front yard. In the back yard they had nice chairs for the ladies.

Eight ladies were invited. The children in the show acted in the garage.

Look my Teddy Bear and everybody was laughing at him because he has grown homely and old.

Two boys who were not invited went up on the fire escape of the Normal school and saw it all.

This was the program:
No. 1—America.
No. 2—Doctor visits the sick girl.
No. 3—Farm life.
No. 4—Dance.
No. 5—Indians.
No. 6—The man in the Road.
No. 7—Goodbye act.
ROSE EAGAN, Age 8, Willimantic.

EGZEMA OR LITTLE GIRL'S FACE

Very Inflamed and Red Looking. Itched and Burned Badly. Did Not Sleep Well. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Face Cleared.

88 Windsor Ave., East Lynn, Mass.
"My little girl had a face broken first as a pimple and she scratched it causing it to spread all over her face as a fine rash. There was an eruption on her chin and her face was very inflamed and red looking. I thought she would be scared for life. I thought it was eczema as it itched and burned badly. She did not sleep well and it made her fretty. I tried all kinds of creams and ointments, but finally I thought of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and decided to try them. After using them a few times I was well pleased so I used them continually for about two weeks. Her face cleared and now you would never know she had had any skin trouble." (Signed) Mrs. R. Sted August 5, 1914.

Sample Each Free by Mail
Always Cuticura Soap (25c) and Cuticura Ointment (50c) are sold everywhere you may try them before you buy them. Free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura Dept., Boston."

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